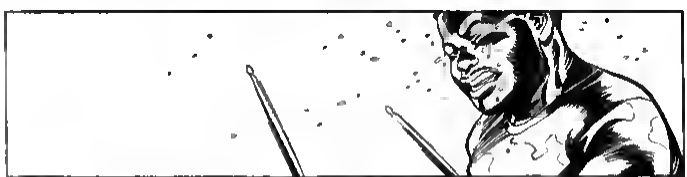
Chapter 3: THROW BACK

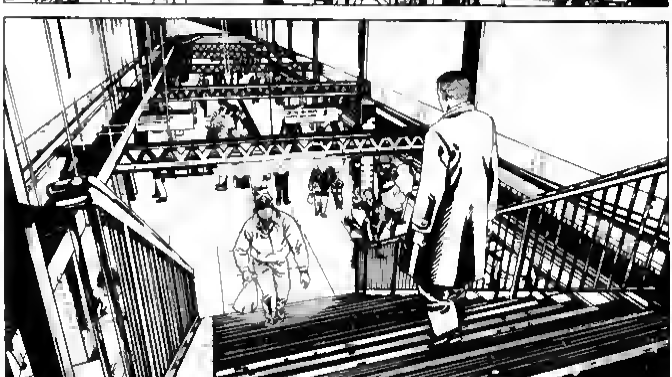
2:27 P.M. GRAND CENTRAL STATION

RECORD-BREAKING SNOWFALL. BUT THIS STATION POSSESSES THE VITALITY OF A THIRD-WORLD MARKETPLACE.

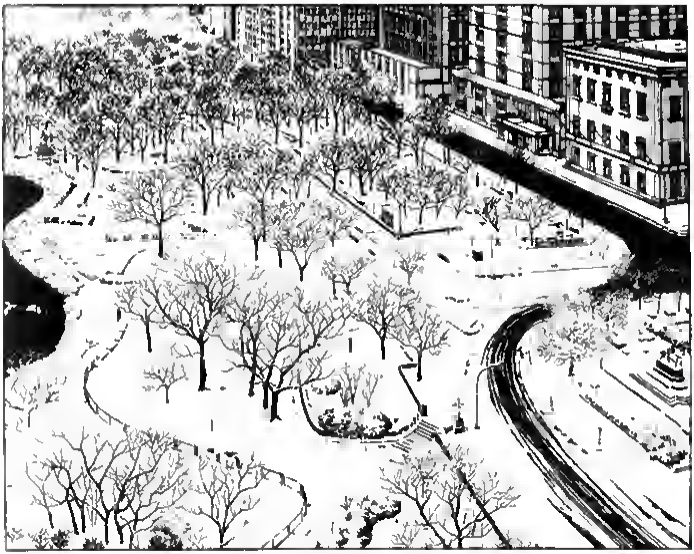


MANHATTAN. IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE HERE. THERE'S NOTHING TO SELL IN THIS COUNTRY. AT LEAST NOTHING FOR BEGINNERS.

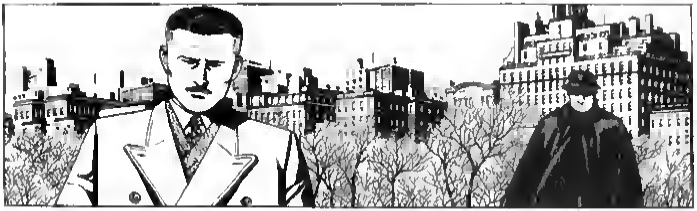
IN THE CROWDS, YOU CAN NO LONGER SEE THE ANGELS OR GODS.
BUT FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO FORGET THE HAUNTING EFFECT OF TIME,
IT'S PERFECT. THE YOUNG CAN SWEAT, THE RICH CAN TEST THEIR RICHES.



LOOK UP THE STREET NUMBER AND STEP INTO AN ALLEY. AS LONG
AS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, YOU'LL FIND YOUR GAME.

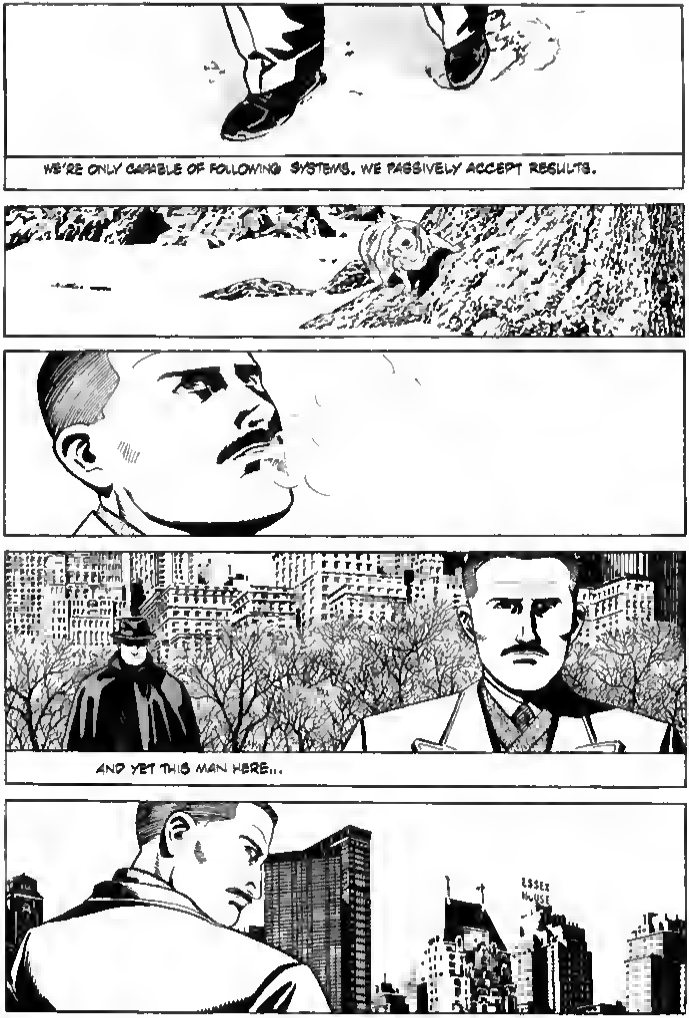

2:47 P.M. CENTRAL PARK.

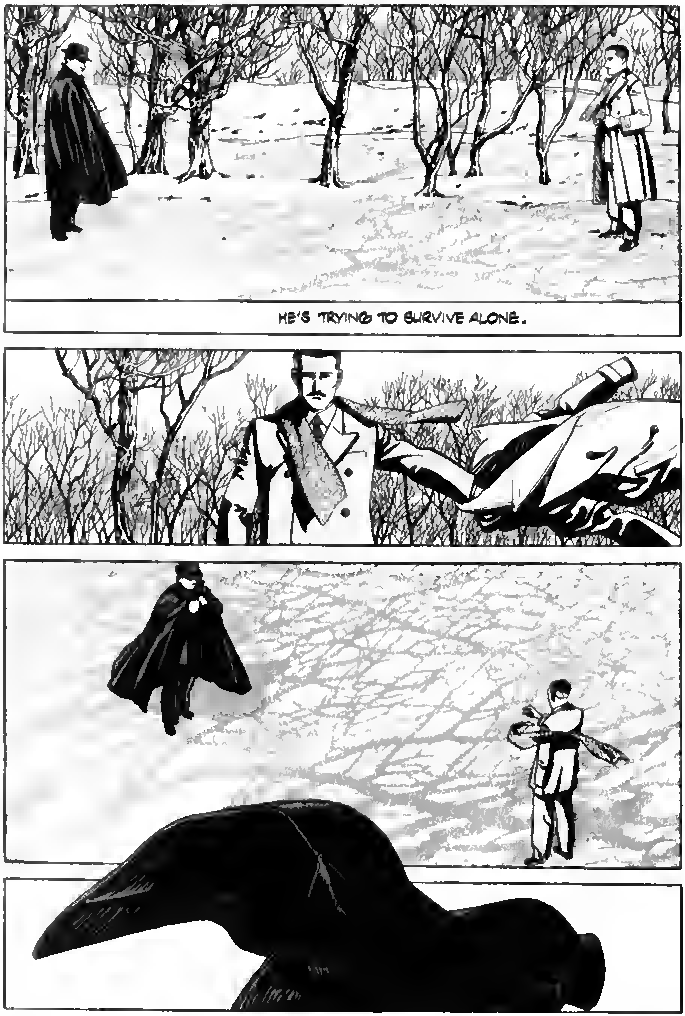
IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE THE ASIAN MAN BEGAN FOLLOWING ME. I CAN FEEL...
...HIS MURDEROUS IMPULSE.



MURDER . A PRIMITIVE DESIRE . .

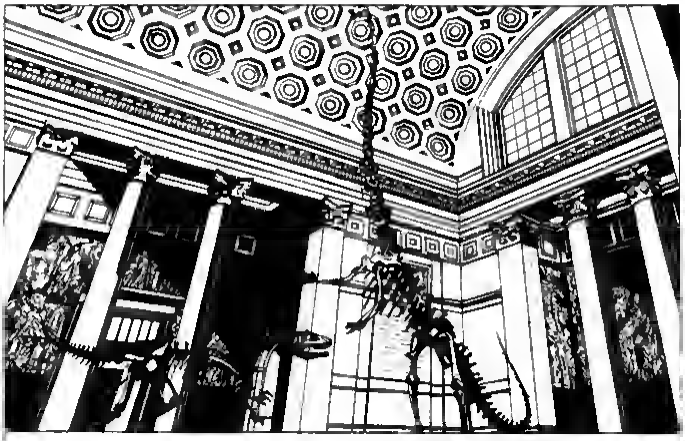
DESIRES OUR BUSINESS HAS OBLITERATED. WE NO LONGER KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS OUR PRIMITIVE NATURE .


WE'RE ONLY CAPABLE OF FOLLOWING SYSTEMS. WE PASSIVELY ACCEPT RESULTS.
AND YET THIS MAN HERE...
ESSEX HOUSE

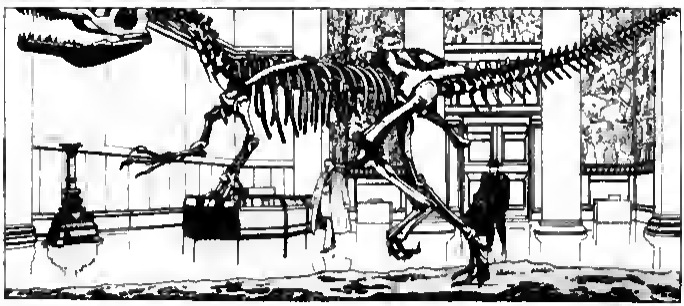

HE'S TRYING TO SURVIVE ALONE.

"WHERE DO WE FINISH?"
"WHERE THERE'S GAME."

3:56 P.M. THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

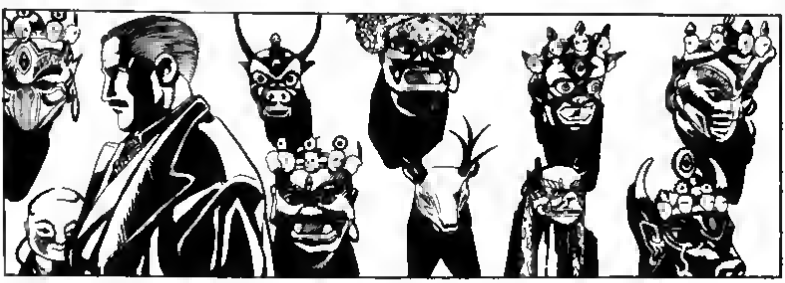


A NOBLE GRAVEYARD...



COUNTLESS SIMULATIONS OF LIFE SHINE IN THE DARKNESS...

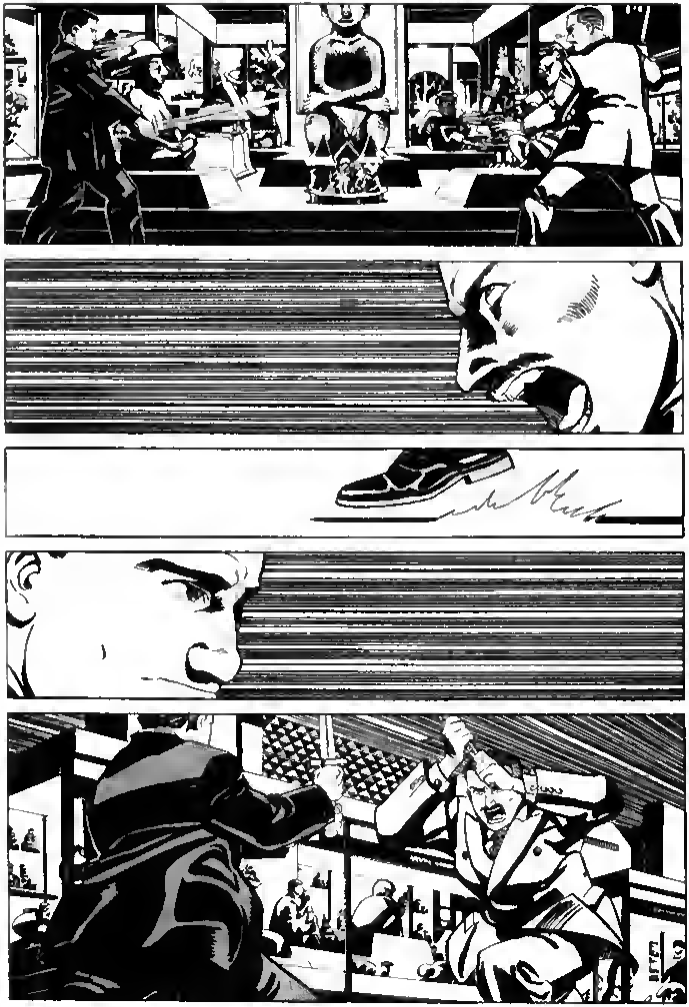
IN HARMONY WITH HUMAN CIVILIZATION...



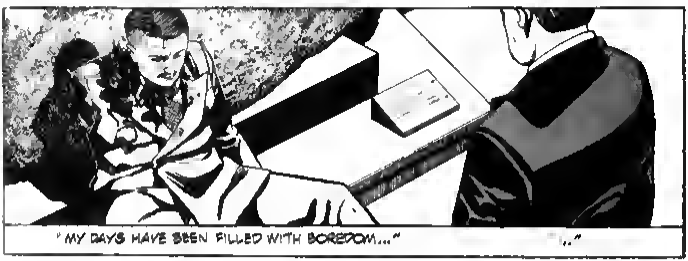
TIME LOST...

MY GRANDFATHER ONCE KILLED A MAN IN OKINAWA. MY FATHER, A MAN IN KOREA. I'VE NEVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY. BUT...

...TODAY I'LL KNOW



"WAR RUNS THROUGH MY BLOOD..."


"MY DAYS HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH BOREDOM..."

"GOOD BYE."